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Hopkins and adjoining counties.  
Has the finest and most secure vault in  
this section of Kentucky.  
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Vice President and General Manager.

## THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF THE UNITED STATES.

JANUARY 1, 1892.  
ASSETS, \$136,198,518.38  
LIABILITIES, 4 p. c. 109,905,537.82  
SURPLUS, \$26,292,980.56  
New Business \$233,118,331  
written in 1891.  
Assurance in force, 804,894,557

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Special attention given to collections.

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Alias "Old Joker,"  
is still in the lead with a complete stock of  
Stoves, & Castings,  
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Tinware.

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Steam Engines,  
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Boilers and Elevators.  
Engine and Milling Machinery.  
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ARKANSAS AND TEXAS  
VIA THE  
THE COTTON BELT ROUTE!

AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER, 1892.  
(Tickets Good 30 Days.)

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IS THE ONLY LINE FROM MEMPHIS  
With Through Car Service to Texas,  
And traverses the Finest Farming, Grazing and  
Timber Lands and passes through the  
most progressive Towns  
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GREAT SOUTHWEST.

All lines connect with and have tickets on  
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Treat all Diseases of the Eye. Perform  
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Eyes Carefully Tested and the Best Quality  
of Gold, Silver and Steel, Flint Glass and  
PURE PEBBLE SPECTACLES SUPPLIED.

We have one of the Finest Test Cases in  
America, and can Overcome any Difficulty  
of the Eye that can be  
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Good Work Guaranteed.  
Write for Terms.

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Office: OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.  
Attention also given to repairing clock's, jew-  
elry, sewing machines, etc.

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Door of Court House.

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Brick-layer and Stone-mason,  
EARLINGTON, KENTUCKY.

All orders receive prompt attention, and  
satisfactory work guaranteed.

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Steam Laundry and Dye Works.  
JAS. L. BURCHFIELD, ANAGER.  
The only Laundry in the county, and none better  
—in the State.  
First-class work done at very reasonable prices.  
Agents wanted in every city, town and hamlet in  
Hopkins and adjoining counties. Address  
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## M. McCORD,

Carpenter, Contractor & Builder

Will take contracts for Building and Repairing,  
and will furnish all material for same.

ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY GIVEN.  
Prices reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed.  
Shop in the "Old Catholic Church."

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Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I  
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J. R. LITTLE,  
Solicitor and Attorney and Patent Causes,  
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Opposite U. S. Patent Office.  
(Mention this paper.)

## Church Directory.

CATHOLIC CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE  
CONCEPTION.  
First Mass, 8:00 a. m.; second mass and sermon,  
10:00 a. m. Rosary instruction and benediction at  
3:30 p. m. every Sunday. A. M. Cornish, pastor.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.  
Services regularly held, morning and evening,  
every Sunday in each month. Prayer meeting  
Thursday night.

MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH.  
Services second Saturday evening and Sunday  
each month. Prayer meeting, Monday night. J.  
S. Cheek, pastor.

M. E. CHURCH.  
Services first Sunday each month. Sunday  
school at 10:00 p. m. Rev. J. S. Cox, pastor.

ZION A. M. E. CHURCH.  
Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock,  
and evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday school at 9:30  
a. m. W. W. Dawsey, pastor.

MT. ZION BAPTIST CHURCH.  
Services Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sun-  
day school at 9:30 a. m. W. W. Dawsey, pastor.

Madisonville.

BAPTIST CHURCH.  
Preaching every first and third Sunday morning,  
and evening by J. N. Compton. Prayer-meeting  
Wednesday evening. Sunday-school every Sun-  
day morning at 9:15.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.  
Preaching every second and fourth Lord's day,  
morning and evening, by J. T. Cherry. Prayer-  
meeting Thursday evening. Sunday-school every  
Sunday morning at 9:00 o'clock.

M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.  
Preaching every first and fourth Lord's day,  
morning and evening, by J. T. Cherry. Prayer-  
meeting Thursday evening. Sunday-school every  
Sunday morning at 9:00 o'clock.

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.  
Preaching every first and third Lord's day,  
morning and evening, by J. A. Lyon. Prayer-  
meeting Wednesday evening. Sunday-school at  
9:15 a. m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.  
Sunday-school every Sunday morning at 9:15.  
Preaching every third Sunday afternoon at 4  
o'clock by J. S. Cox of the M. E. church.

## Lodge Directory.

K. W. TURNER LODGE, No. 546, K. &  
A. M. Stated meetings the first and  
third Saturdays in each month at 7:30 p.  
m. Transient brethren cordially invited.  
CHAS. COWELL, Secretary.

ST. BERNARD LODGE, No. 291, L. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday night  
at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially  
invited to attend. J. R. WYATT, N. G.

C. H. HUNT, Secretary.

HOPKINS LODGE, No. 50, I. O. G. T. Reg-  
ular meeting of members every Monday evening  
at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting brethren especially in-  
vited to attend. J. R. E. DAY, C. T.

C. H. HUNT, Secretary.

VICTORIA LODGE, No. 84, KNIGHTS OF  
PYTHIA. Meets every Monday night in the  
Masonic building. All members of the order are  
cordially invited to attend.

THOS D. HARRIS, K. of R. and S.

HOPKINS LODGE, No. 61, A. O. U. W. Meets  
every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Vis-  
iting brethren cordially invited to attend.

T. G. TERRY, Recorder.

## Musical Organizations.

THE ST. BERNARD CORNET BAND meets  
at the Masonic Hall every Tuesday and Friday night.  
All musicians are invited to attend. Meetings  
begin at 8 o'clock. Dues \$1.00.

Manager of Band and Hall.

## Official Directory.

State.  
Governor—John Young Brown.  
Lieutenant Governor—Mitchell C. Altord.  
Secretary of State—John W. Hoadley.  
Assistant Secretary of State—Edward O. Leigh.  
Private Secretary to Governor—Arch D. Brown.  
Attorney General—W. J. Hendricks.  
Auditor—L. C. Neasean.  
Treasurer—H. S. Haly.  
Superintendent of Public Instruction—Ed. Foster  
Thompson.  
Register and Land Office—Green B. Henry.  
Insurance Commissioner—Swan F. Duncan.  
Deputy Commissioner—W. T. Havas.  
Adjutant General—A. J. Groves.  
Assistant Adjutant General—J. B. Richardson.  
Supt. Arsenal—Capt. David O'Connell.  
Inspector Public Trusts—W. J. Macey.  
Commissioner of Agriculture—Rich. McDowell.  
Court of Appeals—Chief Justice, W. H. Holt.  
Judges, W. S. Fryer, Cassell, Bennett, W. H.  
Holt, J. H. Lewis, Clark, A. Adams.  
Supreme Court—Presiding Judge, Jas. Barbour.  
Judges, W. H. Vest, Jr., Jas. Barbour, J. B. Brent.  
Librarian—Mrs. Mary Brown Day.  
Public Printer and Binder—E. Polk Johnson.  
State Geologist—John R. Proctor.  
Inspector of Mines—C. J. Norwood.  
Railroad Commission—A. A. Spalding, W. B.  
Fleming, G. M. Adams.

County.  
Judge of Circuit Court—John R. Grace.  
Commonwealth Attorney—J. B. Garrett.  
Circuit Court Clerk—John Christy.  
Judge of County Court—J. F. Deanspey.  
County Attorney—C. J. Waddill.  
County Clerk—W. L. Arnold.  
Sheriff—R. C. Tapp.  
Jailer—Daniel Brown.  
Superintendent of Schools—J. J. Glenn.  
Coroner—L. D. H. Rodgers.

Magistrates.  
Circuit District—L. F. Bailey, E. C. Almon.  
Court House District—D. Stodghill, T. R. Card-  
well.  
Hanson District—J. W. Simons, J. W. Jones.  
Pike District—H. F. Foster, A. J. Key.  
Charleston District—J. C. Lovell, J. R. Franklin.  
Dalton District—John Fitzsimons, E. C. Kirk-  
wood.  
Ashbyburg District—J. H. Hanson, W. L. Davis.  
Jedburgh District—F. C. Howard, Jas. Fox.  
St. Charles District—J. J. Salmon, J. H. Fox.

## L. & N. RAILROAD

THE GREAT  
THROUGH TRUNK LINE  
between the cities of  
Cincinnati, Lexington, Louisville,  
Evansville, St. Louis,  
And the cities of  
Nashville, Memphis, Montgomery,  
Mobile and New Orleans,  
Without Change!  
AND SPEED UNPAID.

SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE  
From St. Louis, Evansville  
and Henderson to the  
SOUTHEAST AND SOUTH!

THROUGH COACHES  
From above cities to Nashville  
and Chattanooga, mak-  
ing direct con-  
nection  
WITH PULLMAN PALACE CARS  
For Atlanta, Savannah, Macon,  
Jacksonville and Points  
IN FLORIDA.

Connections are made at Guthrie  
and Nashville for all points  
North, East, South and West,  
In Pullman Palace Cars.

EMIGRANTS  
Seeking homes on the line of this  
road will receive special low rates.  
See agents of this company for  
rates, routes, &c., or write to  
C. P. ATKINS, G. P. & T. A.,  
Louisville, Kentucky.

THE LATEST IN SHOES!

Are you on the look out for  
something handsome and service-  
able in shoe leather? If you are,  
you will look a long time before  
you find any thing that matches our  
new fall shoes. We are enjoying  
the best shoe trade of any store in  
the country, and we know just how  
we came to have it, and we know  
just how we are going to keep it,  
by selling "first class goods" at  
"second class prices." When you  
pay your good money you are en-  
titled to a good shoe. The mer-  
chant who sells cheap shoddy shoes  
ought to have to wear them him-  
self.

McLEOD & DULIN.

## AT THE WINDOW.

Here from my chair I see them go;  
The rich, the poor, the great, the small.  
Under my window; they don't know  
A little watchman sees them all.

These two are looking—aren't they queer?  
They—How do you do?—I guess they say  
They wonder why I stay in here  
Instead of running out to play.

My two big brothers and the rest  
Are playing there beyond the wall;  
My brother Jack can play the best;  
You ought to see him curdle the ball!

And when he makes a splendid play  
And I can help them raise a cheer,  
My pains and troubles go away,  
And I forget what keeps me here.

If I could just be well one day  
And go out, too, it would be fine,  
Well—I can see the others play  
And take their fun instead of mine.

I watch them here from up above—  
You see, it's almost just the same,  
I love them so—and I can love  
As well as if I wasn't lame.

—Robert Hale, in Youth's Companion.

## SOUTHERN PROGRESS.

INCREASED PROSPERITY AND ADVANCED  
INDUSTRIAL PROTECTION.

The Democratic Party and Cleveland—British  
Hope of Democratic Success—Good  
Old Democratic Times.

In the August Forum Mr. Rich-  
ard H. Edmonds draws a bright  
picture of Southern industrial pro-  
gress and prosperity. It is a pic-  
ture full of significance and one on  
which the whole country may look  
with pleasure.

A dozen years ago the Southern  
vegetable and fruit trade was in-  
significant. To-day it amounts to fifty  
million dollars a year, and is in-  
creasing, with a promise that the  
South is to become the market gar-  
den of the North. From Norfolk  
alone more than five million dollars' worth  
of vegetables and fruit are  
yearly sent to Northern markets.  
Georgia sends more than ten thou-  
sand car-loads of watermelons, and  
Florida from three to four million  
boxes of oranges.

The yield of cotton, the great  
Southern staple, has nearly doubled  
in ten years, reaching 9,000,000  
bales in 1891. There has been a  
marvelous advance in the produc-  
tion of rice, sugar and tobacco.  
The grain product increased during  
the decade from 400,000,000 to  
nearly 700,000,000 bushels. The  
value of the chief agricultural pro-  
ducts was nearly \$300,000,000  
greater in 1891 than in 1881.

Ten years ago the annual output  
of coal mines was 6,000,000 tons;  
to-day it is 23,000,000. Then less  
500,000 tons of pig-iron were pro-  
duced; now the output is 2,000,000.  
Then the capital invested in cotton-  
seed oil mills was \$3,500,000; now  
it is \$30,000,000. In Southern cot-  
ton mills 22,000 more operatives  
are employed now than ten years  
ago.

In railroad building and traffic,  
in commerce and business corre-  
sponding strides have been made.  
The railroad mileage has been nearly  
doubled. The rise of exports from  
Southern ports amounts to  
nearly \$100,000,000. National  
banks have increased in number  
from 220 to 640, while their capital  
has risen from \$45,000,000 to \$100,-  
000,000. In 1881 the assessed val-  
ue of property in the South was  
less than \$3,000,000,000; in 1891 it  
was nearly \$5,000,000,000.

These are merely some items of  
ten years' Southern progress. The  
resources of the South are bound-  
less. Its coal and iron deposits,  
"always the foundation for the  
greatest prosperity, are so great as  
to defy competition." Its forests  
of hard wood suggest vast indus-  
trial possibilities. "In the great  
mineral and timber belt which  
stretches from Virginia to Northern

Alabama there is a concentration  
of mineral and timber wealth great-  
er than can be found in any other  
equal area in America or Europe  
with ideal conditions for its profit-  
able development."

Such an outline is the story of  
Southern progress and promise told  
by Mr. Edmonds. Bright and rosy  
as it is, it is not a picture of  
fancy. It bristles with facts and  
figures that give it the element of  
reality.

To the cynic, the pessimist, the  
calamity-prophet, it may be dis-  
couraging. To every one who re-  
joice in national progress it is some-  
thing for congratulation. South-  
ern prosperity is American pros-  
perity.

All praise to the South for its  
past achievement. All success to  
its future enterprise.

But a few years ago its territory  
was dotted with fresh battle fields  
that told memorable stories of de-  
vastation. Its people were impover-  
ished, its industries paralyzed, its  
future clouded. Devastated by war,  
oppressed by reconstruction legisla-  
tion, menaced by Northern polit-  
ical domination, the South has  
shown a pluck and enterprise and  
achieved success that cannot fail to  
command the admiration of all the  
world. May it move steadily on its  
highway of industrial and commer-  
cial progress.—New York Herald.

## THE "CUSHION STORY."

What Jen Found in Her Strange  
Legacy.

"Going again to old Madame  
Skinflint's, and in this sun!"  
Teddy's voice, usually a good-  
natured drawl, had an accent now  
keener and sharper than Jen was  
accustomed to. She was pinning  
on her hat in front of the kitchen  
mirror, while Teddy, his long legs  
dangling down, sat on the edge of  
the table, regarding his stepcousin  
with an expression in which sur-  
prise and annoyance were mingled.  
Jen's face reflected the look. She  
had long been used to regarding  
Teddy in the light of an abject  
slave to all her caprices, and this  
faint sign of disapprobation start-  
led her.

"Well, Teddy Barry!" Jen said,  
turning full around.

"That's the name," said the un-  
disconcerted Ted. "I was only  
wondering, my child, why you  
wasted so much time over that old  
French woman. You broil your-  
self every day going down there to  
make up her room and wash her,  
and cook for her, and read to her.  
Oh! I know, Jen, you are always  
back when the milk comes in to do  
your duty here; but what hurts me  
is that you seem to feel it equally  
your mission in life to waste your  
sweet strength on her."

Ted's harangue was over. He  
clasped his strong bronzed hands  
back of his head, and looked to  
Jen for an answer. She was a slim  
slip of a girl, not quite eighteen,  
but there was a look in her fearless  
gray eyes and something in the  
curve of her very sweet but proud  
young lips which made one feel  
instinctively that she not only had  
the "courage of her convictions,"  
but she had weighed these convic-  
tions before accepting them. She  
was the niece of Teddy's step-  
uncle, old John Barry, and since  
the death of her aunt, a year ago,  
had kept house for him. Ted,  
brought up with her from child-  
hood, had just returned after a two  
years' absence, to find ill health,  
worry of mind and advancing age  
had so enfeebled his uncle that the  
old homestead was now in the  
hands of a man only waiting for  
his date to foreclose.

"Ted," said Jen, very gravely,  
"do you think if you were a poor  
lonely old woman, you would like  
to be entirely deserted? You know  
Mme. Dupre came here first trying  
to find some of her old friends.  
Her daughter was to have been  
married during the war, and the  
officer was shot down in battle the  
day set for the wedding. She was  
looking for his people. She could  
not find them. She is so sick and  
poor."

Teddy's face was decidedly  
gentler in expression by this time.  
"Jen," he said, smiling in his slow  
way, "You're all right." It's only  
that I know how hard you work at  
home; and when I see you going  
down to spend your leisure over  
the French lady—well, it goes  
against me."

"I'll be back to tea for sure,"  
said Jen, "because—"

As Jen hesitated, Teddy suppli-  
mented with a wicked but trium-  
phant laugh: "Oh, Jen! Because!  
Does the old miser ever give you  
any thing to eat?"

"Teddy!" Jen's eyes were grave  
with reproach. "Do you know  
she has just a very little money in  
an old silk glove? I take a few  
cents at a time and spend it for  
her on the barest necessities. There  
have been times my heart has  
ached to think I could not do  
more for her."

By this time the stepcousins were  
in the porch of the old farmhouse.  
It was in the back, facing the  
garden which they had both known  
and loved from childhood. Jen's  
bed of valley lilies, her sweet-pea  
vines, the long strip of box border,  
belonging to her earliest recollec-  
tion; and where the bean poles  
stood near an old plum tree for a  
special planting of radishes, which  
Jen, a six-year-old girl, had de-  
clared would thrive best there.  
Teddy and she had been so proud  
of that special garden given them  
long ago. The real farm lands  
stretched below—rich, fertile,  
beautiful to see save for the one  
fact that they lay under the dread-  
ful weight of Dal's mortgage.

"Poor old garden!" sighed Jen.  
"Well, Teddy, we'll have to do  
the best we can, I suppose, when  
we leave it."

Ted watched the girl's slim up-  
right young figure down the road a

few moments in silence. His  
Western venture had proved un-  
successful, but through no fault of  
his. At twenty he had, sorely  
against his will, given up his  
chosen profession in life—civil en-  
gineering—to settle matters on the  
old farm, after which he went  
back to the West—resuming work  
under hampered conditions. All  
his savings had been sunk in try-  
ing to extricate his uncle from his  
bondage. He had returned to find  
Hiram Dall ready and anxious to  
foreclose at once.

Meanwhile Jenny had reached  
the bridge which spanned a small  
brook near old Mme. Dupre's  
lodgings. She felt as though a  
step from childhood to woman's  
kingdom had been taken since she  
had learned the actual emergency  
which had confronted her home  
life, and like many another girl  
similarly placed the question:  
"What can I do?" was uppermost  
in her mind. There were her  
nimble fingers ready with the  
needle; there was her farming life  
—dairywork was a specialty with  
her. She was young, strong, un-  
hampered by "nerves" or foolish  
fancies.

"I ought to do something," Jen  
thought, almost audibly and lifted  
her eyes, with a deep, earnest look  
in them, to suddenly meet the  
small, sharp orbs of Lawyer Dall.  
He, too, was crossing the little  
bridge.

"Well, Jenny," he half sneered,  
"what do you want—all the earth  
and the bridge, too? Now I guess  
I know your errand; you're bound  
for Madame's."

"Yes, Mr. Dall," Jen said, with  
an effort at composure. "I must  
hurry on; she is very ill."

"Oh, I know!" said the lawyer.  
And as Jen was hurrying on he  
added, "Mind you tell your uncle  
not to forget the 20th—it's my  
latest date."

Jen did not so much as turn her  
head to show the old man she had  
heard his last words, and in a few  
minutes later she was mounting  
the old staircase leading to Mme.  
Dupre's room.

Poor as the old lady really was,  
bare as were her surroundings,  
there was something about her  
which had always appealed to  
something in little Jen's nature of  
which she had not before been  
conscious. It was the refinement  
of the sufferer, her delicate cour-  
tesy, which showed itself in the  
way she accepted a kindness or  
tried to extend a hospitality, the  
latter being at present only the  
bright smile and outstretched hand  
with which Jen was welcomed.

"You are like sunshine to me,  
cherie," the old lady said, as Jen,  
according to custom, divested her-  
self of hat and gloves and sat  
down by the invalid's bedside.  
She saw at once a change in the  
clear, dark face. Dr. Byrnes had  
told her only that morning the  
poor old lady's hours were num-  
bered, yet Jenny, strong in youth  
and health, felt a keen shock from  
what she saw as proof of his words.  
Only for a few moments, however.  
The wan face of the invalid had  
such a peaceful, holy calm about  
it—it was so content.

"There are many things I have  
wanted to say to-day, dear little  
girl," Mme. Dupre half whispered.  
"I have thought so much of what  
brought me here—to find some  
trace of Col. Royerson's brother.  
As you know, I only heard of his  
death. And now, Jenny, I am go-  
ing to leave you what I would have  
given him, the one wedding pres-  
ent prepared for my darling Ang-  
elique. Alas, it was too late! She  
was ten miles away from our plant-  
ation. I had but one person to  
trust with it, an old negro who was  
faithful to us through all. I gave  
it to him to carry to my darling  
with my blessing. Well, her be-  
trothed had been killed that day  
and a week later she yielded to the  
dreadful fever raging in New Or-  
leans at the time. Caspar brought  
back the cushion—only a little  
cushion, child, but it shall be  
yours. It has been my one me-  
mento of that time."

"Dear, madame," said Jennie,  
very gently, "do not think of what  
will sadden you."

"But it does not," exclaimed the  
old lady, softly. "Oh, no; it is  
my happiness. Go, my dear, to  
the chest of drawers; open the  
small one; there you will find it.  
We had strange ways in those hard  
war times," the old lady continued,  
as Jen, firmly convinced that ma-  
dame was wandering, quietly did  
her bidding. "It is only an old  
pin cushion, but it could tell its  
story."

Jen opened the small drawer, and  
saw, pinned in a yellowish piece of  
linen, the cushion. Fashioned of  
faded blue and white brocade edged  
with old lace, there was something  
about it which appeared to Jen  
strangely. The old "war ways"  
were only history to eighteen-year-  
old Jen, and this cushion, made of  
what had once been a splendid fab-  
ric, might have represented revol-  
utionary times as well as those of  
the early sixties. Then it had been  
meant for the wedding gift of An-  
gelique, who was from madame's  
stories, an ideal creature to the  
young girl. Jen carried the old  
cushion with reverent fingers to the  
madame's bed.

"Yours, dearest," murmured the  
old lady. "All I have to leave you  
—and for that I have made my  
will."

Only Jen and Teddy Barry, and  
the people with whom Mme Dupre  
had longed, followed the old lady  
to her grave on the 19th. An hour  
later Hiram Dall was at the farm-  
house with, if possible, a more dis-  
agreeable expression than usual on  
his face.

"I wish you joy, Jenny," he said  
with a sneer. "You are the old  
madame's sole heir! He! he! She  
sent for me to draw up the will!  
All for a pin-cushion!"

He tossed it across the table  
contemptuously. Jenny could  
scarcely control herself. She felt  
as though her old friend's legacy  
was desecrated.

"Got a running string in it, too,"  
continued the old man, "like a  
bag."

Jenny was looking at the cushion  
with wet eyes. She had really  
loved the old Creole lady. Now,  
as Dall spoke, she looked under  
the lace at one side of Angelique's  
"one wedding gift" and saw, sure  
enough, the thin silken ribbon run  
in and tied at the end. Her loos-  
ening of the knot so long ago fasten-  
ed was almost mechanical, and  
then—how no one present ever  
could exactly say, but as the bro-  
cade drew back out from the saw-  
dust rolled upon Jenny's lap a  
heap of shining jewels, rubies, and  
opals, and bank notes in what  
seemed to the girl an Aladdin-like  
profusion. After all, it was easily  
explained. Situated as she had  
been, Mme. Dupre's one means of  
sending money and jewels to her  
only child had been in this fashion.  
No one would suspect old Caspar  
of carrying such a treasure in a pin-  
cushion of faded brocade, and since  
Angelique's death the sentiment in  
the French woman's nature—per-  
haps a touch of superstition—had  
led her to keeping it intact. Who  
can say?

This is a true story, a chapter  
out of the life of one of my friends,  
who now, happy mistress of the  
bonniest farm in Connecticut, tells  
her children the "cushion story,"  
and in a corner cabinet in her par-  
lor the blue and white brocade and  
old lace have their especial niche.  
Jenny indulged in no mean triumph  
over old Dall when with madame's  
queer legacy she bought back the  
farm, but she and Teddy had their  
own hour of rejoicing, and when-  
ever he does any specially fine piece  
of work in his profession Jen likes  
to say: "That's a bit of our cush-  
ion."—Harper's Young People.

## Financial Perplexities.

In journeying from country to  
country the change in the value of  
coins is apt to be confusing. But  
guineas, and florins, and kreutzers,  
and double ducats have ceased to  
be a perplexity to me. I ask the  
price of a thing, look wise as if I  
knew all about it, and then hold  
out my hand and let the vendor  
take his pick. As riches take  
wings and fly away, I am deter-  
mined to lose nothing in that man-  
ner. Fifty years from now a  
Turkish piastre will be worth to  
me as much as a Holland guilder,  
and it worries me not when I am  
cheated, for the man who cheats  
me must, in the end, suffer more  
than I, so that my chagrin is lost  
in compassion for his misfortune.  
—Talmage, in Ladies' Home Jour-  
nal.

## Too Much Tinkering.

Mrs. Winks—I see the question  
of omitting the word "obey" from  
the marriage service is up again.  
Mrs. Minks—Yes, it's perfectly  
abominable the way they are tink-  
ering at the marriage services.  
They'll be leaving out "love and  
honor" next, and bring the beau-  
tiful sacrament down to a common-  
place civil contract. Well I must  
be going. I want to take this bun-  
dle to the tailor's before his place  
is shut up. It is some of my hus-  
band's duds which he told me to  
mend, but I think I see myself.  
Good-by, dear.—N. Y. Weekly.